[fic] Remember Silver.

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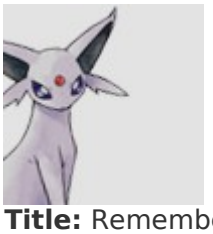

Title: Remember Silver.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Pairing: Michael/Lucifer/Gabriel.
Rating: NC-17 for smut and dubcon.
Word Count: 1,341 words.
Summary: In a future where Dean!Michael defeated Sam!Lucifer, they find Gabriel. All three of them remember how it was back in the Beginning.
Notes: Written for the Angelcest Kinkmeme. Definitely dark (ish?) and very smutty. Please enjoy!

"Do you have *any* idea of how long we've been looking for you?" Lucifer asked, hands fluttering in and out of bright light as he held onto Gabriel's wings.

Gabriel kept moving, compulsively trying to get out of Lucifer's grip. Thousands of years of conditioning for running and avoiding angels caused that.

Michael held Gabriel's arms, held him still, and even then he still trembled. But his gaze was steady when he looked at Michael, and his voice was steady when he said 'Yes, I know.'

Michael looked over Gabriel's shoulder at Lucifer, and he tightened his grip on Gabriel's arms. "We're not going to let you go again, Gabriel."

Gabriel's jerks and shudders increased, and Lucifer leaned in to bite Gabriel's neck. "You can't get away, little brother." He murmured, voice dark and dangerous. "Stop trying." This brought a whimper from Gabriel, and Michael let go of an arm to caress Gabriel's cheek and jaw.

"You know you're safe with us."

"That's not the issue, and we all know it," Gabriel said, and looked surprised at himself for talking back before he forced himself onward. He had hundreds of conditioned attitudes towards his brothers, and no amount of time could help him remove them. "I chose to leave, to get away - "

"And we want you to come home." Michael said. "If Lucifer can return, so can you. And we'll take you back."

"Let me go - " Gabriel was cut off with two fingers on his lips, and he automatically closed his eyes.

"You've spent too much time with the pagans, Gabriel." Michael's voice was low, and Gabriel wished he were free to run. He knew that tone. "Too much time with the humans."

"Angels aren't meant to have free will," Lucifer murmured, tightening his grip. "Especially not you."

Michael was silent for a moment, tapping Gabriel's lips with his fingers, obviously considering. "Lucifer, what would you say to letting him go, with conditions?"

"What conditions?"

Michael pulled his fingers back, and Gabriel opened his eyes, focusing. Trained responses he had never forgotten, and would never forget.

"Gabriel, you're going to let us mark you. *Claim* you." Michael smiled, petting Gabriel's chest, hands under his jacket. He didn't bother holding his arms now. "And you won't hide from us." He wasn't asking.

"And," Gabriel found that his voice wasn't steady any more. "And you'll let me go."

"Provided that we can come to you whenever we want? Yes."

"I know what a claiming means." It was something that he had seen and heard them discussing before the war, before everything had been torn apart, back in the beginning. He had even considered letting them do it, then.

Now...now he knew he had no choice. Lucifer had been twisted from his years in Hell. Michael had been broken in different ways, when his twin and lover had betrayed him. Neither one of them would give him a choice.

"Then you won't run if I let go, right?" Lucifer's tone was warning, even as he loosened his grip.

"Right," Gabriel said, knowing that he wouldn't make it far. Not with Michael *right there* and the shock wearing off. He was resigned to it, and didn't even try to leave when Lucifer let go of his wings, circling around to face him.

"Clothes off," Michael ordered, and Gabriel raised a hand to snap his fingers. It was habit, it was a focus for his Grace that helped him hide the true nature of his powers when he was in witness protection. Lucifer grabbed his hand, frowning.

"We said clothes off, Gabriel, not parlor tricks."

Gabriel closed his eyes and used his Grace in a way he hadn't for ages, and his clothes vanished. "Better?"

But they weren't listening to him, just looking, and Michael had an unreadable look in his eyes when Gabriel shifted to present a better view. Archangel or no, he had been their favorite, back in the beginning, and they had arranged his mind to their satisfaction.

Freedom had been sweet, he thought bitterly.

"You're sad, Gabriel," Lucifer said, touching his shoulder. "I want you to remember how good it was back then. Why we never stopped looking."

Gabriel shook his head and turned. "Just get it over with."

He had never enjoyed false kindness, and Lucifer wasn't tender, not anymore. Not after his fall.

"You're wrong," Lucifer said, palming Gabriel's front. "I didn't change that much."

"Don't read my mind."

"He'll read what he wants, Gabriel." Michael's voice was cold. "He'll do what he wants. On

your knees."

The last was an order, and Gabriel obeyed, slowly. Lucifer was petting his hair, but Michael kissed Lucifer and then Gabriel's hair was yanked as Lucifer tightened his grip.

"You can have his mouth," Michael said, and Gabriel shivered, suddenly wondering who had gotten worse over the centuries. Michael's voice was cold, and they were all suddenly nude.

"Thank you." Lucifer said, and the way he smiled at his brother made Gabriel shiver. He lowered a hand to his cock, and stroked it, watching Gabriel. "You know what to do."

Gabriel nodded, eyes lowering, and he took Lucifer's tip into his mouth, using both of his hands to stroke Lucifer's thighs and base. He could still remember the taste of the Morningstar, and his fingers still remembered how to bring out those moans. He remembered, and yet he had learned new things. It wasn't hard to test a new way of flicking his tongue, or to hum, and Lucifer was shaking above him, hands in his hair.

Then Michael was picking his rear up, effortlessly spreading his legs and Gabriel was forced to put his hands on Lucifer's hips to keep from falling, and forced to take Lucifer in as deeply as he could at the new angle.

"Oh, that's *good* - " Lucifer rocked into Gabriel's mouth, moaning. "He's still good at it..."

Gabriel couldn't even look up at Lucifer, whimpering softly as Michael held him there. When the command to spread his legs came, he obeyed, body shaking. Michael thrust into him, hot and painful despite the lubrication, and Gabriel couldn't stop another whimper as Michael bottomed out.

"Still tight, too," Michael murmured, thrusting, and Lucifer laughed above him, petting his hair. Gabriel moaned, his own cock heavy and hot between his legs, and it was still good, almost better than he remembered. He was helpless here, and once helpless - it was easy, too easy to let go. To stop feeling like he needed to run, to stop feeling bitter or angry or hurt at their history.

It was pure feeling, and he let himself get lost in it, let himself try to pleasure Lucifer as best he could as Michael thrust into him as hard as he wanted, and when Lucifer cried out and came, deep in his throat, Gabriel swallowed it, licking Lucifer clean when he pulled back, hands on Gabriel's shoulders. Michael came soon after, and they lowered him to the ground, forgotten as they kissed. Then Lucifer broke the kiss and sat down, pulling Gabriel's head into his lap, and he took Gabriel's cock in hand.

Michael looked at Lucifer before sitting next to him, touching Gabriel's face. "Ours," he murmured, and Gabriel didn't fight the pleasure or the tattoos of Grace that Michael branded into his neck. It was hot, searing hot, and he came with a shout as Lucifer added his marks under his left ear. Gabriel shuddered and raised one of his hands to touch the marks, accepting them and letting them settle permanently into his being.

"Still...afraid of you.." Gabriel murmured, looking up at the two archangels. "Still.."

"We know," Lucifer murmured, and what a world it was, that Lucifer was comforting him. "But we need you."

Gabriel nodded, closing his eyes. Angels didn't need to sleep, but here, in this place, at this time, he needed it. He drifted off to the feeling of fingers in his hair and the burn of silver marks on his skin.